Summoning of The Lost

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/930913.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	Gen
Fandoms:	Hannibal Lecter Series - All Media Types, Hannibal (TV), 300 (2006)
Relationships:	Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Original Characters
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Historical, Persian Mythology - Freeform, Warrior!Will, Satan!Lecter, Demon!Lecter, Persians vs Spartans, Torture, Serious Injuries, Hurt/Comfort, Kidnapping, Wyl/Wylamenes!Will, Lecta'ar!Hannibal, Cannibalism
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2013-08-17 Words: 3,832 Chapters: 1/1

Summoning of The Lost

by Thalamus

Summary

Wyl, a warrior born under unique circumstances, catches the eye of something far more sinister than the Spartans he is fighting against.

Notes

This is a fill for this prompt at Hannibal meme:
http://hannibalkink.dreamwidth.org/2676.html?thread=5280884#cmt5280884

I own nothing. No money was made outta this fic.

See the end of the work for more notes

Blood spatters his face as he plunges his sword deep into the belly of the Spartan soldier.

He stumbles with the dying warrior as the man sags down to the ground.

With a grunt he draws out his sword, feels his blade slide against bone.

There is no time for regret, for mourning the life he has taken, not if he wishes to survive, to see his beloved Anahita again.

He wipes the blood from his eyes. His chest heaves; exhaustion makes it difficult to draw in the much needed air, to lift his burdensome arm.

Yet he pushes forward. He has no choice.

A cry from behind, Wylamenes draws his second sword, swings his weapons around with roar. They cut through the air. They rip through muscle tissue and bone.

A helmeted head flies through the air; the decapitated body joins the sea of departed that litter the ground.

He stumbles again; his knees threaten to buckle under him.

Wyl's eyes scan the battle field, searching for a familiar face.

Too many corpses of his brothers and sisters cover the ground.

They are losing, Ahura Mazda help them, they are. The Spartans outnumber them by far.

He watches Artemisia fight; she is holding her own, felling anyone who dares to come near her.

However, their general, Hyadarnes is not faring well.

He is surrounded by Spartans. They are circling him like hyenas, each taking their chance to draw blood.

"Hyadarnes!" Dena is fighting her way to him.

“Dena!” Wylamenes pushes onward, hoping to reach them in time.

His instincts take over; his body dodges the bloodthirsty blades of his enemies in a fatal dance.

He is the Windborn, one of the Immortal Guards after all, he will make sure the Spartans remember and see him as such.

So he screams slashes, his vision a blur of crimson and pompously oil slicked and naked torsos.

But for every Spartan that falls two more take his place.

To his far right, he sees Vata. Fear surges up, fills his insides.

Sweet young Vata, he is barely seventeen summers old.

His jade eyes always bright with mirth; now they are wide with fear and pain.

A Spartan pushes the gasping boy to his knees. His blood soaked sword descends.

A cry of joy travels through the rows of Spartans as the warrior flaunts Vata’s severed head through the air.

“No!” cold rage fills Wyl’s insides.

And before he knows he has torn his way through rows of bone and flesh to the Spartan, he is mere steps away from the hateful warrior.

His beard and curls are dripping gore and blood.

Upon seeing Wyl approach, the Spartan turns to him, his mouth turns into a feral smile.

He throws Vata’s head to the side, disrespectful of the fallen.

This man’s death will be a cruel and slow one. Wyl sheathes one of his swords.

They circle each other.

With a snarl the warrior lunges at him, the clash of metal against metal fills the air, drowns in the sea of cries of warriors and impacting weapons that surround them.

Wylamenes pushes the warrior away like the unworthy creature that he is. He watches the man stumble and snorts in disdain.

He takes a deep breath, relaxes his burning arms and with both hands gripping its slick hilt, he brings the curved sword to up his right.

The Spartan snarls, swings his own sword wildly in the air and attacks anew.

Wyl dodges, the blade whistles past his left ear.

His body rotates in a half circle; his back collides with the Spartan's bare chest.

He plunges the sword deep, puts all his strength, all his rage in the blow.

The body jerks behind him.

Slowly he turns to face the Spartan, looks into his wide eyes. Now they hold the same expression like Vata's only moment ago. The man knows he is going to die.

Wyl takes no pleasure in killing but this man is different, this warrior's pain fills him with warmth and gratification.

He doesn't allow the man to fall. Instead he grabs him by the throat with one hand.

With the other hand, he adjusts his grip on the still embedded sword.

Wyl looks the Spartan right in the eye and pulls the weapon upward.

His blade rips the man's insides. The warrior cries out in agony.

Wyl's eyes don't leave the man's until they close and the man slumps forward.

Only then he pulls out his sword, allows the lifeless body to fall.

His bright eyes scan the men surrounding him now.

At least a dozen Spartans are circling him, rage clouding their faces.

Oh, how every fiber of their being must scream with the desire to kill the one who felled their hero.

Wylamenes draws his second curved blade anew.

Let them come. Let them feel the bite of my vengeance.

The darkness he quelled for so long, it has broken free now.

It takes over his mind, fills his very soul with liquid obsidian. His blood is singing with the thirst to spill more, it is crying with the desire to *shred*.

The Spartans circle him, too afraid to advance.

Wyl tilts his head, smiles at them, *challenging* them to take the first step.

A scream to his right, a flash of metal catching the light.

His blades silence the Spartan's cry of battle.

Time slows as he dances through attacking bodies, slashing and swerving.

He blinks the blood out of his eyes. Three Spartans are still standing, the only remainder of the large group that circled him.

One of them looks at Wyl then at his comrades. He shakes his head, turns and flees.

Maybe there is hope for them after all.

Wylamenes takes a step forward, intending to finish what he started.

He jerks in surprise, a grunt pushing past his lips.

His fingers grow lax, the sword slips from his grip, his left hand flies to his neck.

His brows furrow in confusion as the fingers brush against the narrow shaft of…an arrow?

It is then that the pain registers, blurring the triumphant faces of his enemy.

He staggers slightly but manages to stay upright.

The sounds of battle change, they distort, then fall away altogether.

His world is suddenly enveloped in a veil of deadly silence.

Wyl locks his knees and pulls out the arrow with a scream.

He blinks, looks down at the dark bolt that is now resting in his blood covered palm, its shaft is slick with crimson.

The craven…they-

He gasps again as something collides painfully with his chest. His breath stutters.

He sways, his left leg gives out under him and he falls to his knees.

He looks up, blinks in disbelief.

One of the Spartans is rushing towards him, his lips moving.

With great effort Wyl brings up his sword in time to counter the deadly blow.

He puts his weight on his sword and staggers upright with a howl.

He will die standing and fighting until his last breath, like a true Parthan Warrior.

“Wylamenes!”, a woman’s cry rings out to his left.

Anahita?

No this can’t be, she is not here.

She is safe, guarding their home and hearth, tending to their son Cyrus.

Another arrow pierces his chest, jostling his body anew.

There is no breath left for him to draw.

He falls to his knees, knowing he won't get up. Not this time.

Time slows, he watches soldiers fall silently to his left and right.

His gasps, something in his chest constricts, trembles.

Agony washes over him, takes away his senses.

Memories fill his vision.

The image of his wife, running through the green and golden fields at home, it mingles with the bleakness of this place.

He pushes it all away, wills his eyes to focus.

The two Spartans are down, arrows protruding from their bodies, golden feathers marking the arrows as Artemisia's.

He hears Artemisia call his name.

He looks down at the two dark arrows jutting out of his own chest.

His body does not feel like his own, it seems to be separating from his mind and soul.

The second sword slips slowly from his slack grip, rests against his right palm.

His fingers refuse to close around the hilt.

Wyl draws in another painful breath and looks up.

In the distance, a hooded figure nocks another arrow.

Wyl's gaze lingers on the cloaked archer, he refuses to flinch but his vision is darkening.

The metallic taste of blood coats his tongue.

He smiles back at the dark figure, dips his head in acknowledgment, facing his demise with grace.

When the fourth bolt tears through him, his body jerks in response.

The world tilts, it grows dark.

He wills his eyes open.

He is resting on his side, his face inches away from a dead Spartan soldier. The man's dead eyes are looking right through him.

Wyl shivers; he is becoming one of them, now one more drop in the vast ocean that is pure darkness.

Death is upon him. He can feel its claws on his skin.

Hopefully the Peris will come for him soon, before the Spartans decide to decapitate him while his soul still lingers.

The beautiful winged Peris will greet him with open arms and guide him on his way to the land of his fathers, to the land of the blessed.

A soft sigh pushes past his lips as his eyes grow heavy.

Pure darkness drags him under.

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"Wylamenes."

A violent shiver runs through his body, making him gasp.

His eyes snap open, taking in the dark lofty ceiling above him.

Wyl groans, his chest and neck are on fire. His body hurts and he is cold, *so* cold.

His finger touch his chest cautiously, they come away bloody.

He frowns in confusion, swallows, his throat is painfully dry.

He eyes scan the room, come to rest on the elegant towering pillars of black marble.

Crimson flames hiss in the cold damp air. They look nothing like the benign, holy fire burning in the temples at home.

"Where in Ahura Mazda's name am I?" he croaks.

"I should cut out your tongue and feed it to yourself for daring to say his name here, of all places." A dark voice answers him.

Wyl's gaze swings to his right and he freezes, his eyes taking in the shadowed figure.

He rolls over, staggers upright as fast as his injuries allow him. His arms surround his tender ribcage as he sways in pain, exhaustion.

No, no, this can't be.

"Who are you?" he asks, afraid that he already knows the answer.

But it can't be.

"You know who I am." The figure chuckles in amusement.

With a flick of his wrist another red flame springs to life, bathing his features in crimson light.

Short pointed stag antlers and ears protrude from the figure's head. He has a human face, with high cheekbones, sunken eyes that glow maroon, the color of blood-soaked mud on a battlefield.

He has a delicate nose and forked beard with lappets, extending on either side of his face and falling on bare broad shoulders that taper to a narrow muscled torso.

He is wearing a patterned tunic and he sits on throne made of enormous stag antlers.

And *his legs*, Ahura Mazda help him, the legs end in hooves, just where his feet should be.

Wyl is facing the Master of Demons, the one who feasted upon his own father's flesh.

This is Lecta'ar, son of Ahriman.

He takes a step back, shakes his head.

"No." This is not real.

Suddenly Wyl coughs, fresh blood fills his throat, pushes past his lips.

He bends forward, choking and he watches in disbelief as the sanguine fluid drips down his chin and splatters on the slick marble floor.

"Leave us." Lecta'ar commands, making Wyl look up in bewilderment.

The walls on either side of the throne tremble, then start to crack and crumble.

Large, shadowy creatures with thin extending extremities peel away from the surface and start to climb up the walls to the ceiling, dragging rotund slimey midriffs as their spidery legs and arms scratch against the stone. They sound like insects that scatter away, disappearing through the ceiling.

Wyl mouth opens, closes in shock. He has to get out of here.

He looks back to the throne.

Only to find it deserted.

He backs away, his eye scanning the throne room, searching for Lecta'ar.

He looks for an exit, for any means of escape.

However, there is none.

He turns away from the large antlers, deciding to check the opposite side of the chamber only to run into a broad, hard chest.

A grunt escapes Wyl as he falls down on his back.

Trembling he looks up, flinches.

The horned creature tilts his head, takes a step toward him, its hoof clicks loudly against stone.

Wyl jerks, scrambles backwards.

His chest is heaving in agony, his wounds are bleeding sluggishly.

"You have no claim over my soul!" his voice breaks as his back collides with the cold stairs that lead up to the throne.

The creature peers down at him, he seems amused.

He kneels by Wyl's side, but makes no move to touch him.

Wyl 's gaze rests warily on him, awaiting Lecta'ar next move.

This is it. He has nowhere left to run.

Why hasn't he bled out already?

"That is where you are mistaken, my dear Wylamenes. You came in an incredibly unusual and -I have to admit- beautiful way into the world of humans, did you not?"

Wyl recalls the tales of his birth. Yet he refuses to answer as terror fills his veins, steals away his voice.

"Your mother was hung from a hanging tree after the Spartans attacked your village. At that time she was also carrying you. However, instead of following your mother, you chose to stay, *to live*. And so you were released from your mother's womb after her death. You entered the world of men by lying in her blood. And you left this world while lying in another's blood. My mark branded your soul the day you were born." Hannibal's clawed fingers reach out to wipe away the tears that are running down Wyl's face.

Wyl pulls back in disgust, he turns his head away as far as he can.

“This is why I, Lecta’ar, son of Ahriman, have the right to claim you and your soul for my purposes. As soon as I have your consent.”

Wyl looks back at Lecta’ar.

“You need my consent?”

For the first time since he woke up in this forsaken place, Wyl is feeling the pinpricks of hope.

“But of course!”

Wyl searches Lecta’ar face in confusion. If he has a choice, then why does Lecta’ar appear so smug?

He looks like he has already won Wyl's soul.

“Then I refuse to sell my soul to you! I have served Ahura Mazda all my life. And I will continue serving him, even in death!”

Darkness falls over him and the throne room vanishes.

He gasps, blinks.

He is lying in the battlefield, among the fallen, arrows sticking out of his chest.

However, this time a bright light is shining down on him, filling his vision.

Warmth spreads through him as two winged figures descend slowly.

Their hair, it shines-

A sudden movement from the corner of his eye, something dark cuts through the bright vision like tearing through painted parchment.

Wyl gasps, his hands fly to pull at the tightening grip around his neck.

He blinks and once again he is dragged back, lying in the damp dark throne chamber, Lecta’ar’s face is mere inches away from him.

His clawed fingers tighten, choking him.

“You forgot dear Wyl. I am the Lord of underworld. This is my realm. Here I have power over time, I can command it to pick up the pace or to slow.

A blink of an eye on earth will last thousands of years down here, I only have to say it. You will give me your consent. Your resistance means nothing, it won’t change anything. In the end I will have your body and soul.”

Lecta’ar grip tightens even further as he leans in, whispering gently into Wyl’s ear.

“Say yes, and this all will end. You won’t feel pain, sadness or fear anymore. Say yes and you will be rewarded, sweet Wyl. I will give you power beyond your imagination.”

Lecta’ar kisses his temple softly mindful not to cut him with his sharp teeth. He sighs, resting his forehead against Wyl’s.

Ever so gently, he loosens his grip on Wyl’s throat, allowing him to draw in the much needed breath.

“I have waited too long for you, do you take pleasure in prolonging my torment?” Lecta’ar whispers, his breath ghosting over Wyl’s trembling lips.

However, all Wyl can think of is how much Lecta’ar’s breath smells of burned bodies, how badly it reeks of sulfur.

He shudders, hears his heart is thump loudly against his ribcage.

“No matter what you do to me, my answer will be no. Always!” He whispers back, steels himself for what is to come.

Lecta’ar draws back so fast Wyl’s eyes fail to follow.

He smiles gingerly at Wyl, displaying his pointed teeth.

“As you wish!”

And before Wyl’s mind can process what’s happening he is being dragged out of the throne room by his right leg.

His fingers claw at the hard unforgiving stone in an attempt to cling to something, to delay the inevitable.

Lecta’ar ignores his struggles.

“We have time after all. But before we begin, allow me to help you with your wounds.”

He gives a flick with his hand and heavy soot covered double-doors swing open with a loud screech.

They reveal another large room.

Wyl takes in the high stone altar in the centre, his eyes scan the many antlers adorning the ceiling the walls.

This will be his punishment, of that he is sure.

He sends a quick prayer to Ahura Mazda.

Give me strength to outlast the pain, the torture.

Give me strength to save my soul.

His struggles increase. But he is a mere mortal, a human in a weakened state.

He is not match for the Dark Lord.

Lecta'ar throws him on the rectangular altar like he weighs nothing at all.

Before Wyl manages to sit up, a hand pushes him down. Warm, fresh blood springs from his wounds.

Wyl grits his teeth, he will not scream. He won't give this spawn of hell what he craves.

Lecta'ar is smiling knowingly.

"Your resistance is in vain!"

With that he looks up, nods to someone out of Wyl's sight.

Wyl's muscles tense, he wants to turn around, to see who Lecta'ar is addressing.

A hissing sound halts his thoughts.

"Human healers use deer antler velvet to heal wounds, do they not, Wyl?"

Lecta'ar lifts his hand from his chest, removing the heavy weight and making it easier for him to breathe.

The hissing grows louder, Lecta'ar gives a flick with his wrist and Wyl loses control over his body.

His arms and legs extend, they are being pulled away from his body by an invisible force. Their movement tugs painfully at his wounds as each one of his limbs stretches agonizingly toward a curb on the four-sided altar.

Four cloaked figures step forward, surround the altar.

Wraiths, they are Wraiths, Wyl realizes with dread.

"What are you doing?" Wyl grits out.

"Arygth mûl yg fylhr rill cvyk anrkhi!" Lecta'ar speaks, ignores Wyl altogether.

The Wraiths bow simultaneously to their Master.

"Eresh, cturkhi gravh!" One of them answers.

Each one the Wraiths holds up an urn, then slowly tips it forward.

Wyl's breathing speeds up as he discovers the source of the hissing sound.

Snakes! They are leaving the urns, sliding slowly down and on to the altar.

Wyl wants to tug at the invisible binds holding him, but he can't move.

His body seems frozen, his eyes are the only member he can control.

A clawed hand touches his forehead, and Wyl's eyes snap to Lecta'ar's crimson ones.

Lecta'ar smiles down at him, runs his claws through his dirty, blood stained locks.

Wyl jerks away. His eyes widen as he realizes that he can move once again.

He lunges at Lecta'ar, but he doesn't get far.

Instead he cries out unexpectedly as sharp poisonous teeth sink into the thin skin of his left wrist.

Lecta'ar steps back, his expression blank.

Once out of Wyl's sight, he tilts his head, purses his thin lips.

He stills, becomes a rapt spectator, savoring the human's misery, he bathes in his torment.

Wyl pulls at the cursed snake, trying to jostle its teeth, but the unholy animal clamps down its jaw even harder in response.

Its slick body wraps slowly around his left arm and hand and Wyl watches in horror as the animal morphs into stone, merging with the rock he is lying on.

Now his left hand is trapped, he won't be able to move it.

To make matters worse, the poison is travelling up his arm, burning him from the inside out.

Nausea rises up, and with every beat of his heart, the poison spreads.

Wyl's movements grow more and more sluggish.

The Wraiths start to chant, they rock gently to a tune, to the dark rich beat of drums only they can hear.

Wyl cries out as teeth pierce the skin of his right ankle.

He slumps back against the stone altar, unable to stay upright any longer.

His breaths stutters, his vision swims.

He is lost in a haze of heat and burning pain.

He merely jerks when the last snakes sink their teeth in his flesh, when they freeze and transform into stone.

They fasten his limbs, pin him down.

The chanting grows louder, the words take on a more urgent cadence.

Wyl's head rolls uncomprehending, his eyes jump and skip over the blurred silhouettes of Wraiths.

Where's, where's Le-…

He frowns, blinks in bewilderment as the stone under him shifts, as it starts to morph.

Something sharp jabs his back.

He jerks away.

However, his binds won't allow him to get far.

"No!" Wyl sobs helplessly as the pointed tip enters his flesh.

He can feel it growing, rising and tearing through his insides.

A howl pushes past his blood coated lips as the antler rises out of his stomach, tearing his skin with a wet sound.

Darkness threatens to drag him under but the pain keeps him awake, it intensifies with every growing, emerging antler.

Wyl lies there, on a bed of sharp shifting spikes. They impale him one after another.

He lies there, lost in his pain and agony and he wishes for death, for an end to this.

"Please…"

He doesn't see Lecta'ar leave the chamber, doesn't hear the screech of blackened double doors as they swing shut.

End Notes

Translation of the Demon language:
"Arygth mûl yg fylhr rill cvyk anrkhi."
Bring him to my private chambers when you are done.
"Eresh, cturkhi gravh."
As you wish, my Lord.

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AN1: So I chose Will to be a Persian warrior, one of the Immortal Guards.
Besides Norse Mythology, I have been obsessed with Persian Mythology and History since I started playing the Prince of Persia games.
I think the Persian warriors are quite elegant and magnificient, especially the Immortal Guards, who are also called
the Immortals.
When Alexander "the Great" was a teen he went lion hunting, but he was inexperienced. A lion attacked him.
An Immortal heard his cry, came to his help, killed the lion saving Alexander's life.
Alexander swore to become as powerful as the Immortal when he grew up. An he repaid the kindness of the Persians by burning down Persepolis which was really quite a shitty move of him if you ask me.
Hugh Dancy named his first-born Cyrus, after one of the Persian kings.
So I decided to name Wyl's son Cyrus, too.
I love to turn things around; in the 300 movies Spartans are the ones that kick major ass.
So I thought why not root for the other side?

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AN2: A few facts about Persian deities and mythology:
Ahura Mazda is the God of Fire and Light. He is caught in an eternal battle against Ahriman (the Devil/Satan). So I depicted Hannibal as Memnon, Lucifer's son. In my version he killed his father, feasted upon his flesh and took over his kingdom.
Persians had fire temples in which the holy flame burned (in fact some of the flames still do, some of them have been burning and guarded in the said temples for over 1500 years!). The fire was considered as the embodiment of everything pure.
The Peris are Valkyri-like Angels; they collect the souls of the fallen warriors.

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AN3: My eyes are burning right now.
Sequel or no sequel? I am not even sure if it was a good idea to post this one in the first place.
Feedback is appreciated and a huge motivator!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!